

A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

THE RUNAWAYS.

BY LOUISE OLIVER.

Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

JOHN HOBSON stopped in the shadow of the hedge and put on his shoes. Then looking furtively back at his own darkened house and toward the dim outlines of houses that belonged to his neighbors, and assuring himself that his flight was unnoticed, he crept cautiously down the gravel path toward the street. An eye-witness would have declared that he was running away, and the eye-witness would have been correct.

John Hobson was running away. He could stand it no longer, and having been harassed beyond endurance for the past few days because his wife had taken it into her head that she must have an electric motor, he had taken the count and quit.

But, although John was retreating from trouble, it was only temporary. He meant to come back. But not before he had given Henrietta the scare of her life. He had been too good to her, he saw it all now. He had spoiled her when they were married by giving in to her pouting and crying tears with new hats and gold mesh bags. Now, deciding that the price of eternal peace came too high, he determined to try another method of restoring her amiability.

Besides, Bostwick had written that alumni week was going to be a big affair and urged his attendance. So, after all, he was only doing what he had a perfect right to do, he argued to himself, and French leave wasn't such an awful crime. Anyway, Henrietta would have insisted that she knew that his car fare and expenses would pay weeks of garage bills for the new motor she wanted, so he had not dared to cheap.

Just over the hedge, parallel to his own path, ran the gravel walk of the Crinkles. And John, picking his way gingerly to avoid disturbing the tiny stones, suddenly heard a stealthy movement that was not of his own making. Instantly he divined it to be on the Crinkles' walk. Who could be sneaking around his neighbor's property at three o'clock in the morning? Not Billy, surely, for Billy had no cause to resort to subterfuge so far as his wife was concerned. John sighed as he thought of Mrs. Billy's perfection. If only Henrietta could or would cultivate her angelic disposition. In fact, he suggested such a course only too often and he no longer dared to mention the rare avis net door.

Crk! There it was again! John tiptoed close to the hedge and looked over. Could he believe his eyes? Billy Crinkle was certainly sneaking down the path toward the street and the dim starlight was enough to assure his observer that the dark thing he carried was a traveling bag.

"Great guns! Billy's running away! Now, what do you suppose he means? I'm perfectly sure that if Maud Crinkle knew what he was doing she would only smile and say: 'Billy's such an old dear! Let him alone. What Henrietta would have to contribute he dared not think about.'"

He stopped for a minute to let Billy have the lead. Out on the street he let his neighbor get a half block ahead.

The night express did not stop at their own station. The borough next to theirs was the stop, and a walk of a mile.

"Bill's making for Marshalltown, same as I am, by Jove, and he's skipping out on the 3:45, I'll bet a doughnut. He walked a little faster and was

SHE GETS 500 LETTERS A DAY.



MISS ELLA HALL, whose "kid" pictures have delighted movie fans all over the United States and in foreign countries as well. She receives an average of 500 letters a day from admirers, and answers each one of them with an autographed photo on a postal card.

Miss Hall is in her "teens," and has been in motion pictures three years. The picture shows her in one of her "kid" poses, and as she is in real life.

soon only a few paces behind his friend.

"Hello, there! That you, Billy?" he called.

Billy stopped. "Hello, John! What on earth are you doing here at this hour of the night?"

"Same as you, I guess. Going east on the 3:45?"

"You guessed right."

There was silence. Neither dared to express surprise at his neighbor's choice of trains when no less than six expresses stopped there during civilized hours. The best train of all stopped at 10 p. m.

"Decided at the last minute to join the boys," explained John finally. "So did I," laughed Billy nervously. "I never thought of you going, or I might have mentioned it. But I'm awfully glad, old fellow!" heartily. John thought he detected sympathy.

"Oh," returned John, "I don't suppose I'd have given in at all only Henrietta insisted. She wouldn't give me a minute's peace last night. She kept reminding me of how long it had been since I had seen any of the boys and how much I needed the change and so on, till it kind of got into my head that she was right. And so I started packing at midnight, and here I am."

Uh hum," Billy acknowledged doubtfully.

The two men strode along in silence for a minute, the houses and

gars, flask, safety razor and stomach pills. Nothing would have been wanting. But as it was he hefted the bag from one hand to the other with a sort of savage joy, knowing that he had packed the conglomeration it contained in two minutes and a half by his stop watch and got in everything he didn't need and nothing he did.

In plain words, Billy was tired of perfection and affection. He hoped by a few days of anxiety on Maud's part to receive the thorough rating he deserved when he came back—anything but eternal, smiling affection.

"Well," he broke the silence, "I might as well tell you why I came at this hour of the night. I was afraid if I'd suggest coming, Maud would just raise general bedlam. So, as I didn't want to worry her, I slid. See!"

John stopped short in his tracks. "Look here, Bill, that's hard to swallow. I can't imagine Mrs. C. being anything but a perpetual dyed-in-the-wool angel. I don't believe she could get mad!"

"Mad!" Your Henrietta isn't one, two, three to her when her temper's up."

Henrietta! What do you mean? I never knew anyone with a more balanced disposition. She's the sweetest, most amiable girl you can imagine, and if she hadn't been the prize she she'd have left a miserable hot-tempered scallawag like me long ago. Humph!" snorted John.

"Excuse me!" sighed Billy. The fact was he could hardly understand his neighbor's sudden fury. Secretly he had always envied him Henrietta's disposition. If only Maud would go off at a tangent sometimes so he could coax her back! If she'd only fight so they could kiss and make up! Anything to take away the deadly monotony of perfection!

They turned a corner and the bright light of the station loomed ahead.

The two men entered the waiting room just as the hands of the big electric clock pointed to five minutes of train time.

But John was thinking of other things than the time and made no effort to purchase his ticket. It occurred to him that he had more than half meant what he had said to Billy. "I suppose it has been my fault mostly," he argued. "I'll bet I am hard to get along with, and here I've been putting the blame on Henrietta. Besides, I'd as soon get sick and tired of her if she was always the same, like Maud Crinkle!"

"Billy! I'm going home," he suddenly declared. "I'm not feeling very well!"

And Billy, suddenly realizing that Maud might discover his absence and worry herself sick, said eagerly: "Then I'm not going a step, either. I'll not desert you now."

And when the big express thundered in, the two men might have been seen hurrying away into the dim vista of the sleeping suburb.

APRON-DRESS FOR SCHOOL.



(By BETTY BROWN.)

For a port little person who will be toddling off to kindergarten soon, Mme. Becker of the Fashion Art League of America has designed a cunning little apron-dress. It's mostly apron. It is all in a

piece and falls in straight lines from the shoulders.

The Empire belt of black velvet ribbon with two bows in back is the only excuse for calling it a dress. It's made of pink and blue gingham. The sun-bonnet is blue; the school bag white and blue wicker.

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

have not yet answered Malcolm's letter, little book. I have been lying here, with dear Alice taking care of me, luxuriating on the great knowledge of getting well. No matter how much we try not to be egotistical, we human beings are more or less self-centered. It is only after countless ages of agony and growth when the animal develops a "soul" and becomes human, that he begins to think of the world about him as apart from himself.

When we are in physical or mental pain, we go back to old instincts. All the world is only a part of us instead of our being a part of the world. I think perhaps in the last year I have lived too much in that world of pain to have been quite human, but I am going to "come back." Coming back to one's old self is like coming back to one's old home—rather disappointing in a way.

While we have been away we have been investing the old home, the old existence, the old self with a kind of romance. And it is always with some disappointment that we open the door to our long-closed home, or shut-out soul, and enter the more or less dusty, airless domicile.

Little book, I have been finding out since I have had this operation that souls as well as homes, to keep sweet, must be kept open to the air and people about them.

I am glad, little book, I never accepted my illness with passive acquiescence, for that would have been a decay before death. Even while I was lying like a log I seized every minute of life and sometimes joyfully, sometimes despairingly pressed all the wine out of it and drank it eagerly were it sweet or bitter. Every day's dull routine was enlivened by the mere mechanism of existence, which I made as interesting as possible.

One thing, little book, I am looking forward to most, when I shall be well enough to walk, is not to dance or go out among my own kind; it is to get into a bath tub of hot water and let my whole body feel its grateful, soothing power.

Such a silly confession I would not dare to make to any one but you, little book, but I am, so tired of being

"washed with a rag and piece of soap" and dried piecemeal.

I long for that tub and the feel of that water as does the thirsty desert traveler long for the trickle of cool water down his parched throat. I want to splash my hands in it like a child and then lie flat on my back with my head against the hard white enamel of the tub until my hair gets a little wet in the back. And then I want to stand up straight and turn on the shower, to feel its pricking tonic all over my body—to grasp and catch my breath at its chill!

As I tell you this, little book, it seems to me that only when I take my first bath in a tub will I feel real well again.

I am afraid I am like some wild animal that waits impatiently for the spring to come that it may rush to the river, which has been for months frozen over, and frolic in the still cold water.

Osgood's ANOTHER WEDNESDAY Osgood's for Quality HOUR SALE! for Quality

Limited quantities of wantable merchandise will find willing buyers Wednesday morning, come! About enough of each special to last for one hour fast selling, don't come late!

Absolutely none sold before specified time.

THE BARGAINS BEGIN

At 8 O'clock

Cloth Coats \$4.99
Choice of any Spring Coat in Stock, value to \$20.00
8 to 9 a. m. only.

Sateen Petticoats
Regular \$1.00 value
Plain and Flowered Styles. 69c

AT 9 O'CLOCK YOU'LL find Unsurpassable Values

Wash Dresses \$1.49
Excellent styles, white and colors, value to \$6.00
9 to 10 a. m. only

Summer Hats 49c
Straw and Knitted styles, values to \$5.00.
9 to 10 a. m. only

THE BARGAIN FESTIVAL Continues at 10 O'clock

House Dresses 79c
Fast Color Gingham, neat styles, value to \$2.00.
10 to 11 a. m. only

Silk Waists 99c
Green, Blue and Maize only, value \$2.50.
10 to 11 a. m. only

AT 11 O'CLOCK SHREWD Shoppers will flock

Silk Skirts \$1.99
Blue and Black Serge and Sheperd check val. \$3.50, \$4.
11 to 12 a. m. only

Middy Blouses 69c
The good \$1.00 grade, white & striped, plain & fancy colors.
11 to 12 a. m. only

HEALTH HINTS

BUGS!

Some of the most serious diseases of man are caused or transmitted by insects.

Plague is spread almost exclusively by fleas. There seems to be a fairly good case against the cockroach as a carrier of infection of several kinds. Malarial fever and yellow fever are mosquito borne. Leprosy, typhoid fever and some of the skin diseases are thought to be some times spread by bedbugs. Typhus fever is found only where the louse is present as a transmitter of infection.

Fleas are more likely to be troublesome of the household. They do not breed upon these animals, but in dust, particularly in the dust of cracks and crevices. Cleanliness is essential to their removal and the sweepings should be burned so that their eggs may be destroyed.

Cleanliness is also the most important factor in ridding a house of cockroaches. Powdered borax persistent-

ly used will also help to clean them up. It should be sprinkled into cracks and crevices or cupboards where cockroaches are apt to take up their abode.

Various poisons destroy bedbugs when they can be applied to them but the application often is very difficult. They are active at night, but with the return of day they seek hiding in cracks, crevices and nooks in furniture walls and floors.

Benzene and gasoline are efficient in getting rid of the pest but dangerous unless used very carefully. Kerosene is destructive to the mature insects and their eggs. A room may be freed of them by sulphur fumigation.

The nuisance caused by the common mosquito might easily be abated in many places. Stagnant water should not be allowed to remain where it can be removed. Very small quantities of water may serve as hatching places, such as cesspools, watering troughs or even watering pans for chickens or pets.

HEALTH QUESTIONS ANSWERED

A. M. T. asks how to prepare oatmeal water for a baby.

Two tablespoons of oatmeal in two

quarts of water; boil mixture to one quart. If too thick, add a little cool water previously boiled.

Grace Sunday School
New Sunday School officers were elected yesterday morning at Grace Lutheran Sunday school, and William Shafferman, son of John Shafferman, was selected as the superintendent. John Shafferman has acted as superintendent at this church for the past twelve years. The following are the other new officers for the year:

Assistant superintendent, Prof. G. H. Colebank; secretary, E. T. Cassell; assistant secretary, Frank Stanhagen; organist, Miss Emma McKown; assistants, Misses Frances Kneisel and Ruth Shafferman. The question of librarian and the infant department was left for a special meeting when the Sunday school is to be fully organized and the association to deal with those problems. Chorister, Mr. C. H. Bloom.

THE TRUTH

She—"How did you dare tell father you have a prospect of \$50,000 a year?"

He—"Why, I have, if I marry you."

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(EVERYTHING IS GOING TO THE DOGS.)—BY ALLMAN.

